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POPULAR TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

BOYREREAU.

Forc'd from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne;
Men called christians, bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold
But though theirs they have enrolled me
Minds are never to be sold — *Cooper.*

The sun of a May morning in the year 1753 rose upon Deau-Yah, the capital of Bow-Woo, which stands in a wide plain, about three miles from the Niger. It was near the outskirts of this city, that a young native, enjoying the genial smiles of a meridian sun, reclined beneath the green boughs of an orange grove. His companion was a female. They were engaged in earnest conversation.

'Boyrereau,' said the maiden, smiling, 'when will your father return?'

'Whenever our great parent the sun shall count it best,' was the reply. 'So you have fixed upon that day, for our nuptials, is it not so Dolacella?'

The maiden smiled, but the smile was changed to a look of terror, as she sprang up with the exclamation, 'wallah, wallah!'

The words had barely dropped from her trembling lips, ere the young lover had started to his feet, while there appeared through the clustering branches and dark, rich leaves of the copse, the sleek form and fiery eyes of a leopard! In an instant his silver-banded bow was unslung—the arrowy reed cut the air,—and the beautiful animal was rolling in the agonies of death! This unexpected rencounter terminated the *tete-a-tete*.

There is a feast in this country, which is celebrated annually in honor of the sun. On the dawn succeeding the celebration, not a cloud appeared in the horizon to obscure his splendor as shining beautifully on lofty mountain and smiling mead. Near the portal, leading to the dwelling, which belonged to the captain of the king's life guards, were collected the youth, who were to engage in the amusements with which this festival was usually closed.

'I wish you would give me this cap, father,' said the youth who has been already introduced to the reader under the title of Boyrereau, and transferring the beautiful tiara, from the head of the father to his own, 'will you give it, father?' he repeated with a smile of confidence.

'Willingly,' answered his sire, 'and take with it, a father's counsel, trust not too much the wild waves of the Niger.'

'Why do you speak thus?' returned the young man in surprise, 'the Niger is no worse now, than it was, at the time in which I swam it for three miles with as furious a gale howling over it, as ever came from heaven. Why should you fear?'

'I have had wild dreams, my son,' replied the soldier, with an air of melancholy, 'but,' he continued, 'the heart of Whryn Brynch is not so soft yet, go, and may the blessings of our father the sun, attend you.'

'To rush wantonly into danger, is foolish,' said the mother. Speaking for the first time, 'especially since'—

'Psha!' interrupted the young man.

'Is there no boon for me?' asked the elder son, who had been all the while an attentive witness; perhaps not a little vexed at the partiality shown by the father in favour of the youngest son—'is there no boon for me,' he asked.

'This,' answered the father, 'will grace the bosom of my eldest born; take it Dooyah, it is a fine piece and tasked the best master in Morocco; look, it bears the resemblance of your father.'

So saying, Whryn Brynch fastened the precious gift, around the neck of the son. It was gold, wrought into a thin plate; on the surface of which was engraved with exquisite skill, the fine features of the giver. While Boyrereau was examining it the loud shouts in the street, reminded him of neglected pastime. The light-hearted youths, after embracing their parents, bounded after their companions.

We must now suppose twenty years to have rolled over, at which time the narrative calls us to America. Among those high and beautiful hills on the Hudson, which bear the well known title of *highlands*, sleeps a small valley, walled by smooth hills, clothed in luxuriant wood. It was Autumn. The gay foliage, and yellow blossoms, with which, in Spring the beautiful scene was adorned, had faded; and, in their stead, the seared leaf, and scathed limb, waved to and fro. In the upper extremity, was a small dwelling, whose site could be known only from the white wreath of smoke, that curled during the day time, among the dark limbs of the forest. The time however, to perceive even this signal had passed,

Midnight was come, when every vital thing
With sweet sound sleep, their weary limbs did rest.

The stars were twinkling. The moon rode high, pouring her beams of loveliness, on fields, and hills, and hamlets. The firmament was clear and serene. At this silent hour several forms were passing slowly up the valley. Their movements wore an air of mystery. They had proceeded but a short distance, however, before they were startled by the sound of a human voice!—They listened, it floated from a copse of low wood, a few paces from where they were standing. The following words were uttered, in a low, melancholy tone :

'O unfathomable heaven! Who unrolled thee! Who planted those stars, to glimmer, and to dazzle! mystery of mysteries! Let me mount on the wings of fauzy,—let me spurn this low groveling earth—on—on—on! Why should the world, be enlivened with intelligencies, and yon heaven left void and tenantless? But yon heaven, telleth thee thou liest,—behold! it looketh with ten thousand eyes upon you and laugheth in your very face! In those star-spangled pavilions, I behold a God!'

Suddenly, as the words concluded, there started from the copse, which had protected it a dark form! The little group recoiled! The apparition at beholding them, stopped, and gazed for a few moments with a wild air. The moonlight was too indistinct to afford a close investigation, but as could be ascertained it was all of six feet, very slim, and robed in dark habiliments; its head was bare, while the cold moon sported freely among his thin locks, that waved in wild confusion. At last it spoke—'Can mortals do good, when sable night sits on her dusky Throne?' 'It has a mortal tongue, egad,' said the disciplinarian in front, drawing in his breath, 'it's no ghost ha!' and leveling his firelock, he demanded, 'Who goes there?'

'I am, what I am,' returned the form solemnly.

'You are eh!' muttered the captain, 'wise talk that for a mortal,' and raising his voice he continued, 'Can you tell us sir whether any American soldiers are encamped within a few miles of this?'

The apparition lifting a dark wand it carried, turned slowly round, and was out of sight in an instant!

'The rascal!' exclaimed the astonished captain, advancing a few steps and looking eagerly, 'the rascal will ruin us! soho, yonder's the Dutchman's, with whom is security, till the stars be more propitious!'

So saying the captain led the way; he was soon before the cottage. It was a small wood building, at one end of which was a stoop, entering it he approached the door and tapping against it gently, a voice in broken English demanded.

'Who come dare?'

'A friend,' was the reply, and applying his mouth to the latch, the intruder intoned softly, 'open the door Sonko.'

'What for you come wid arm men?' added the voice from within.

'You vile imp!' exclaimed the captain, angrily, 'open the door.'

'Wat for you get mat Capin Elfin; me uppin de door as quick as possible—de bolt stick—wat for you come wid arm men; me no like to see Britis soger so near!'

'Come, open the door; my men are weary.'

'Ha a,' chuckled Sonko sympathetically, and drew the bolt, 'you say'—

'Hist, you black scoundrel!'

The fall of 1777 was gloomy in the eyes of every American. The scale of battle evidently prepon-

derated in favour of oppression. The English sustained a powerful army in New-York under Sir Henry Clinton and a still more powerful force under Sir William Howe was cruising the sea. The American ranks, at this time were weakened by intense want and fatigue. In order to check any correspondence, between the two powerful leaders, Burgoyne and Clinton, the American commander detached strong guards, with instruction to take possession of Peekskill, a strong hold among the highlands, as well as every avenue, or *pass*, which might afford communication between them.

Olan Van Rovel, a Dutch burgher, lived at this time, in the pleasant valley, which we have described. The cause of his solitary habits, and evident dislike of his fellow men, remained unknown. The gossips in the neighborhood, reported that the old Dutchman down in the vale yonder had not been known to give his hand to labour, while he had lived there and therefore, 'there is more about him than your people or I ever dreamed of depend on't,' was a frequent remark.

But the report, which was most credited, and which certainly was not calculated to ensure his peace, or even his life, was that the Dutchman was a staunch tory. However nothing had yet occurred to interrupt the wonted tranquility of his life. Thomas Elfin, a captain in the English army, had for a long while been an honored and welcome guest, at the dwelling of our loyal burgher. That Elfin should be a guest, is not at all to be wondered at, when it is known, that Van Rovel had a beautiful daughter. Lucy had attained the age of eighteen. She was accomplished. She was lovely. Van Rovel desired that she should wed some respectable English gentleman; but, Lucy's feelings were otherwise.

Henry Lawrence, captain in the American ranks, had succeeded in winning her affections. In his heart she had garnered up her hopes; the proud and haughty dalliance of her English lover was spurned and the cold frowns of an indignant father, were to be endured.

One sunny afternoon, a few days after this, Sonko, followed by another African, strolling over the lawn, was accosted rather austere by the English Captain.

'Here you reptile,' he exclaimed, 'what now! do you not yet know, that admittance here is strictly prohibited—say tongueless dunce—and who have we here as black as midnight!'

Sonko was stupified.

'Wat for you get so mat?' he said, with quavering voice, 'Nigger know all about de law, dat noboddy shall go out de yard; but it no say nigger shan't go out; nigger no be wite man; dat me be told by massa in de Carolina: wen a dog run out of de yard, you no call 'im back, an' tell 'im he mus'nt nebber do such ting, an' ebbry boddy say nigger be dirty dog; wat for you get so mat?'

'Saucy brute!' muttered the captain, 'who have we here, sir? speak out you dog.'

'Dis be, dis be, dis be—'

'Out with it, or I'll—'

'Bushee,' roared Sonko, with a cringe, 'he be come to see my massa—yes sir he be come to see my massa, yes sir—'

At this the Englishman walked sullenly away. In the meanwhile Sonko, winking to his friend, passed the green to the opposite side of the dwelling, and introducing him, through a small door, left him.

Bushee finding himself alone, began composedly to examine the little apartment in which he was

placed. The object, which first attracted his notice was Lucy Rovel. She sat by the window, in a state of mental abstraction; her hand was on her chin; and her white brow which couched a cluster of bright locks; her little figure, bent graceful, as she gazed listlessly on the floor; her pale cheek, whereon a few tears still lingered, as if loth to depart; all combined to fling over her an irresistible charm. The maiden would frequently withdraw from parent and friends, and brood over mournful recollections. The window before her, afforded a beautiful prospect; lovely slopes covered with shaggy trees; valleys encircled with wild wood; cottages peeping from some half-stripped-hill; and, lord of all, the magnificent Hudson, with his white and waveless sheet, composed this romantic scene.

The African had advanced to the centre of the apartment—slowly raising her eyes Lucy started—uttered a faint scream—“Henry Lawrence!” and was in his arms.

“Henry, dear Henry,” she exclaimed, and fixed her blue eyes on his, “why, O why expose yourself—they will take you!”

“Nay Lucy,” you are hasty, “interrupted her lover.” I have been commanded to remove with my company farther up; your noble slave procured me this mask; and can you blame me, Lucy, for wishing to see you before I departed?”

Lucy was silent. Large drops glistened on her dark silken eyelashes. She started to fasten the door, but the idea, that her father might desire admittance, interrupted her; she then turned, and loosing the window curtains, resumed her seat. “Go Henry,” she said, “they will take you and we shall see each other no more.” The words froze on her lips; her pale cheeks, which had for a moment glowed with blushes, blanched like death!

“You plak eel,” said a voice, in the adjourning apartment, “vat you mean by breenging peeples into my preemises, say who es it you varlet?”

“Massa,” replied Sonko, in extreme terror, “he be no nigger; he be a berry big man!”

The rod followed. Immediately after, footsteps approached. The door flew open—Van Rovel appeared! His lips curled, as glancing round, he beheld his daughter’s face, bathed in tears.

“How now Miss pet,” he exclaimed, in his native tongue, “weep—weep—weep, ha-a! june fish—there’s salt water enough, in your eyes to swim in—but I have commanded you, *not* to weep—I have commanded you *not* to love a rebel, and by ——— you *shall* not—ha-a—will you disobey me?—why Miss, I will sell you, to the lowest losel! ha-a! And will you harbor—here looking as dark and as lowery as the gulph stream—no Miss—you shall not—now disobey me by ——— yaw—yaw!”

“How unlike a father,” thought Lucy and rose up. The expression was unintentionally half uttered. Rovel caught it.

“Unlike a father,” he repeated, with a half-sneer—“ha-a! a! a! a!” and left the apartment.

Rovel had no sooner left, than Lucy, approaching the window looked forth! The sun had lowered, but still streamed faintly on the knotted oaks and shrubs, that decked the green; while there appeared hurrying through the small gate several soldiers and in the wood, Henry Lawrence of whom they were in pursuit. In the fore ground was Captain Elfin, haranguing the terrified African, who was making good his retreat, round the mansion; after which the Englishman, collecting his troop, took his leave and was soon lost in the surrounding forest!

Shortly after the door opened, and Van Rovel

returned. His keen eye burned; and his sullen brow looked dark and grim!

“I will kill him,” he said coolly, “this lamprey, shark, lobster, clam—ha-a-a-why the fellow—I mean that cursed black; asked permission to join the rebels—yaw—yaw, I wanted to get rid of him, so I give him the ropes end, and set him adrift—yaw—yaw—but if he shows himself here, again, I will shoot him—ha-a-a.”

Lucy sighed, and answered as mildly as possible.

“And Captain Elfin has taken his leave too I perceive.”

“Yaw—yaw,” replied the Dutchman, “dark blood thirsty rebels, are prowling around; but he will return though—yaw—yaw!” so saying the angry father departed.

(Concluded in our next.)

From the Token, for 1833.

THE BRIDAL RING.

BY MRS. SEDGWICK.

(Concluded.)

Months passed on, Arabella’s employment inevitably brought her into observation, and her beauty, grace and accomplishments were a constant theme. Clayborne’s passion, or at least its manifestations, became more ardent, and as the time for his return to his native state drew nigh, he was possessed with a lover’s apprehensions and jealousies. He expressed a fear, it might have arisen from the conscious fallibility of his own affections; that he might be superceded. He entreated Arabella to permit their marriage to take place before his departure. He obtained her father’s consent, this gave authority to his entreaties, but Arabella resisted them, and resisted the pleadings of her own heart. Her resolution was fixed, never to leave her father while his well being depended on her exertions. In his selfish importunity he betrayed a doubt of her constancy. She meekly replied, that her fidelity to her father, should be her warrant that she could not prove faithless to him.

This was the only approach to a boast that I ever heard from her lips. How well did her subsequent conduct justify it!

The evening preceding Clayborne’s departure, the lover’s passed on my piazza; I took care that they should not be molested by intruders. It was late when I heard his parting foot-steps; I waited for Arabella, but she did not appear, and afraid that she would be exhausted by the indulgence of her feelings, I went to her. She stood where Clayborne had left her, leaning her head against one of the pillars of the piazza. Her hands were clasped and raised, and I perceived on her finger a diamond ring, which Clayborne had always worn, and which he had told me was given to him by his mother at the time of her second marriage. It had been his father’s bridal gift, and he had received it on condition that it should never be transferred, till he placed it on the finger of his bride. After a few days, and when I thought Arabella could bear a little bantering, I reminded her of this. She said nothing, but I never shall forget the sudden contraction of her brow, nor the deep painful blush that suffused her pale cheek and alabaster neck.

Clayborne wrote by every post. His letters, which I have since seen, were as impassioned, and almost as eloquent as Rousseau’s; they all began, “My beloved wife,” and finished with “your devoted husband.”

After a while, they became more temperate, and contained such notices of his occupations and

pleasures as she could read to me. In less than six months the 'beloved wife' gave place to 'dear Arabella,' and the fever heat of the lover seemed to have subsided to the calm temperament of the friend. Arabella, till now, mindful of every present duty, devoted to the happiness of every one around her, became abstracted and almost melancholy; the faint but distinct rose-like tinge on her cheek faded to absolute and sickly paleness. She still gave lessons at the school, but with languor and effort.

One little month more passed away. She was sitting with me one day, when my servant brought her a letter. She read it, sat for a few moments as if she were petrified, then threw on her hat and shawl, and left me without a word of explanation. I did not for a long time know the contents of the letter, I have since seen it; what follows is an extract from it.

'After long and painful reflection on the subject, my dear Arabella, I have come to the decision that it would be ungenerous in me, not to offer to release you from an engagement, in the shackles of which you are wasting your beautiful youth. Gifted creature!—you may create your own destiny! while I, a poor devil of a lawyer, must go my daily round for nought but provender.' There was much more in the letter, but all 'words, words' without any distinct, or certainly apparent, meaning.

I transcribe the following passage from his next letter. 'You are in the *Melpomene* vein, my dear Arabella, and since you have taken me so serious, why serious I will be. I cannot see, I confess, why you should estimate promises made in a moment of excited and extravagant feeling as indissolubly binding. I do not claim to be as deeply read in the code of sentiment as you are, but it seems to me to be a very plain dictate of common sense, that promises cannot be binding if the parties will mutually relinquish them. Why be tremulous over a fancied duty? I disdain to hold you bound by a by-gone promise, and henceforth release you from any obligation in any way contracted with me, and wish you to be as free from any real or imaginary ties to me as if we had never met.'

After this, Arabella received at distant intervals, and answered letters from Clayborne, but his were burned as soon as read, and I could only guess at their contents. Her father was ignorant and unsuspicious of any change in her affairs. He imputed the change in Arabella's appearance to Clayborne's protracted absence, and sometimes wondered that the young man no longer forwarded him the southern newspapers, which he had at first done punctually. When I remarked to him that Arabella's health seemed to be failing, he took the alarm, insisted that she should relinquish teaching, and acquiesced in my proposal that they should abandon the cottage and pass the winter with me. Arabella was still alive to every look and word of kindness, and she gratefully acceded to my wishes.

Not long after their removal to my house, I received a letter from Clayborne. He said he presumed that I was aware that his engagement with Miss St. Clair was at an end, and he begged my influence to persuade her to relinquish and forward to him a diamond ring. 'Miss St. Clair,' he says, 'will my dear madam pay deference to your opinion, and your good sense will at once perceive her weakness in retaining, from girlish sentiment, a ring which has no longer any significance to her, and is of incalculable moment to me, as the lady to whom I hope shortly to be united, for reasons which it is not necessary to communicate, insists on deferring

our nuptials till she receives it. I would be the last to impute any baseness of mind to Miss St. Clair; but how am I to explain her obstinate retention of the pledge of a retracted vow.'

All the passions of my woman's nature were aroused. I could not comprehend why Arabella should permit such a request to be repeated, and I resolved if I had any influence with her, that no indulgence of memory or hope should delay the transmission of the ring to its most unworthy giver. It was a difficult task to approach the subject. Affectionate as Arabella was, and as trustful as a child on all other subjects, she had never even alluded to Clayborne since she first doubted his fidelity, I first spoke in hints. Arabella would not understand me. I then went directly and explicitly to the point. Deeply have I since repented it! I read Clayborne's letter to her. I reproached her with throwing away her life, in cherishing a hopeless passion for a most unworthy object. I besought her by every motive of pride and delicacy—I adjured her, as she would preserve my esteem and her own self-respect, to relinquish the worthless pledge of false and broken vows.

She heard me out with an expression of dignity and gentleness. When I afterwards recalled it, I knew she had pitied me while I reproached her. When I finished, she collected all the energies of her soul to reply, and she did so in a low but sustained voice.

'You too doubt me,' she said, 'but I will not blame you. Cannot you believe that I have sufficient reasons for retaining this ring. I cannot now communicate them. Your judgment might differ from mine, and I have no strength to oppose your arguments. Death alone can divorce me from this ring—it has long been in my eyes the signet of my death warrant. Clayborne will not have to wait long for it,' she added, holding up her emaciated hand, and showing me the small guard she was obliged to wear to retain the ring on her slender finger. 'When you send it to him, send it simply with a notice of my death.'

'You have reproached me with cherishing a passion for a worthless object. Indeed you have mistaken me. My love for Clayborne was extinguished, when I discovered that he whom I loved was a creature of my imagination—a creature of noble qualities and high aims; of pure, tender, and disinterested affections, one whom neither events nor place, life nor death could change—but to improve.'

'My dear friend, it was not continuing, but ceasing to love, that gave such a shock to my life. It was the sudden loss of that which was the sweet employment of my thoughts, the object of my efforts, the stimulant of my mind. In the amazement of my grief I forgot that life was God's gift, to be preserved and cherished, not for the object I should select, but for those it should please him to assign me. For this, I deserve your reproach. I selfishly shrunk from my duties; I permitted the feelings that were given me for benevolent uses to consume my life. I meditate much and bitterly on all this. And I trust that He who looks with a pitiful eye on the sins of his children, has forgiven me. I feel my death to be rapidly approaching; I dread it only for my poor father.'

For the first time, Arabella shed tears; she paused for a few moments, and wept in my arms, silently and freely.

'I cannot,' she resumed, 'think of his loneliness and disappointment without anguish.'

I assured her that her father should want no kindness I could render. She replied, that she doubted not my kind disposition, 'but who,' she added, with characteristic truth and simplicity, 'who, but his child, can bear with all the infirmities of my poor old father?'

She requested me never again to speak to her of Clayborne. 'I am not willing,' she said, 'to break the holy calm it has pleased God to grant me. Are you now satisfied with me, my dearest friend?'

I told her, 'that I was certain she acted from the purest and most exalted motives.'—'Simply,' from a sense of duty,' she replied, and the conversation dropped there.

Afterwards for many weeks, she constantly though almost imperceptibly, declined.—She made unceasing efforts to conceal the progress of her malady from her father. 'I long to be at rest,' she would say to me, 'but for his sake, I will do and suffer whatever will prolong my life.' And most patiently did she listen to medical advice, most cheerfully take every remedy prescribed. It had been her custom to play her father to sleep in the afternoon, and this she continued to do, even after she became so weak, that she secretly begged me to sit by her, and support her with my arm. Every day, till the very last week of her life, she sat or reclined on the sofa, till her father retired to bed, and then she was carried exhausted to her apartment.

It was heart breaking to see one so generous in her affections, so true to her duties, the victim of a selfish and capricious passion. It is true, in spite of the poet of nature, and the millions that quote him, that many have died for love. Not of love, perhaps, for it is in its nature a sustaining and vivifying passion; but from the extinction of hope, of expectation, of purpose, of all that breathes a soul into life.

Clayborne finding his letter to me ineffectual, addressed a similar one to Capt. St. Clair. The old man had, I believe, before this, gradually come to a right conclusion respecting the recreant lover; but his pride and his feelings were too deeply wounded to allow him to speak on the subject. Never did I witness any thing so fierce and frightful as his rage at Clayborne's letter. He swore that he would rather have cut off his daughter's hand and sent it, than to have waited for a second request for the ring. When the energy of his rage was spent, he wept like a child, and in this moment of weakness, I obtained a reluctant promise from him that he would not disturb Arabella with this grievous subject. He kept his promise, and when with her was apparently calm, but

'The deepest ice that ever froze,
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.'

A few weeks passed on, and I received a southern newspaper. One passage was encircled by a pen line. It was the advertisement of Clayborne's marriage with a Miss Wythe a lady of whom I had heard as a beauty and a fortune. Of course, I burnt the paper without communicating its tidings. Arabella's life was gently wearing away; each day left her with abated strength, but her spirit seemed to receive peace and courage from the fountain of strength and joy to which it was so rapidly approaching. Even her father caught a ray from the light of that world that was opening upon his child. He was calm and gentle, and would listen, with a look almost devotional, to her entreaties that he would be resigned to the will of God. He would walk in her room and sit by her bed hour after

hour, and forget and forego his walk, his cigars, and his wine, and all those daily recurring indulgencies that had seemed to constitute his sum of life. I was sitting one evening beside Arabella. She had passed a day of extreme weakness, hardly discovering any consciousness, excepting once or twice when I read a few passages from the Bible, and she looked up with a sweet smile of assent—the response of her spirit to the words of inspiration.

My servant, by mistake, admitted two of our neighbors, who, with some drops of benevolence, have a flood of curiosity that impels them to witness, whenever, they can, the last conflict of humanity. Use has given them a sort of official right to intrude on death bed scenes, and they go to them, *con amore*, like the wretched cummers in the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' When they entered, I was sitting beside Arabella, holding her hand in mine. Her beautiful hair lay in rich tresses on the pillow. There was a slight contraction on her brow, and a quick and labored respiration; excepting these manifestations of the presence of the spirit she was as serene as death itself. Mrs. Smith came to the bedside, and after standing there for a few moments, 'she changes fast, I think ma'am,' she said—I answered by pointing to a seat at the farther end of the room. She turned to her companion and said, 'she still breathes, Patty, and that is all.' They seated themselves on each side of Capt. St. Clair; protracted anxiety seemed to have exhausted his sensibility. His eyes were half closed, and he was nearly unconscious of any external impressions.—Yet it was curious to see the power of habit in his customary politeness. 'It is a dying world, captain,' said Mrs. Smith.

'Yes, Madam.'

'And an uncommon dying season it has been,' interposed Miss Patty—'eleven deaths since Fast—no, I am wrong, widow Brown's was the tenth, Miss Arabella's will be the eleventh. It is a solemn time, captain.'

'Yes, madam.'

'It is a dark world, captain,' resumed Mrs. Smith, 'and we are blind creatures. If Miss Arabella is prepared, we ought not to mourn for her.'

'Madam?'

Here I interposed; I observed a slight tremulousness about Arabella's mouth, that indicated she was not unnoticing, as I had supposed, and I hesitated no longer to request the women to leave the room.

But their dull sense did not feel the instruments of torture they were handling. 'If you should need us during the night, captain,' said Miss Patty, 'don't hesitate to send for us.'

'Need you! for what, in Heaven's name?' asked the captain, for the first time speaking naturally.

'To lay out your daughter, sir.'

'Good God!' exclaimed the wretched father; the women left the apartment.

Arabella gently pressed my hand, opened her eyes, and fixed them intently on me. 'Am I dying,' she asked, 'tell me truly, I did not think it was so near, but I am not frightened.'

'I believe, my dear child,' I replied, 'that you have little more to endure.'

'God's will be done,' she said, 'I am ready—one thing remains to do, and then I am perfectly ready.' Her father approached the bed side at the sound of her voice. 'This ring,' she continued, feebly raising her hand, 'was put on my finger on your piazza, the night before Clayborne's departure. He feared my constancy, and he prayed me to

kneel with him, and with God for our witness, to exchange the marriage vow. I promised in the awful presence we had invoked, to wear this ring till death should divorce us.'

Her father heard her thus far, and then the flood that had been so long accumulating and fretting against its barriers, burst forth in imprecations and curses. Never shall I forget the deep heart rending groan, that Arabella, who had scarcely given an audible sigh to her own injuries and sufferings, now uttered; never can I describe the energy with which she raised her head from the pillow, and clasping her arms around her father's neck, drew his head down to her bosom, saying, 'Oh, father, as you hope to be forgiven; as you are thankful to God for giving peace to your dying child, take back those horrid words and forgive him—father, forgive him.'

'I do—I do, my child.'

'Dear father!' she murmured, and pressed her lips to his burning cheek. A few moments after I disengaged her clasped hands from her father's neck, while yet the sweet smile, which the parted spirit had left there, hovered on her lips.

Death should come,
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly and without pain;
And we will trust in God, to see thee yet again.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the New-York Mirror.

MRS. PHEBE PHILLIPS.

This remarkable woman, who died at Andover, in the year, 18—, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was the daughter of Mr. Foxcroft, a gentleman of wealth and high standing, who gave her a good education for the times. To her intimate acquaintance with the faculty of Harvard University from childhood, may, in some measure, be attributed her elegant style of conversation, which surpassed that of any one, male or female, in this country. She saw the subject under consideration, in all its bearings, and clothed it in most felicitous language. There was no redundancy—no stint—no singularity except that of supreme refinement—nothing to excite surprise, in her conversation; but the most learned listened with profound admiration at her taste and skill in language. She was fond of her pen, and took delight in keeping up an extensive correspondence with literary and religious friends. She wrote with great ease and rapidity, in a chirography, at once plain as a printed page, and whose beauty was only exceeded by the thought it contained. She was married to Samuel Phillips, of Andover, a young man, at that period most zealously engaged in the cause of his country, anxious for its political prosperity, and for its advancement in learning; and he found a most admirable coadjutor in his wife. During the dark period of the revolution, she sat up until midnight, with the females of her household, to make garments for the poor destitute soldiers, and in scraping lint or cutting bandages for the hospitals. The sick, in her neighborhood, of all classes, were inquired after, and every thing that could administer to their comfort was sent from her hospitable mansion.

The academy, founded by her husband and his uncle, was in the immediate vicinity of her residence, and every pupil's health was a subject of her attention; and to those who had come from a distance, and had no natural guardian near, she acted the part of a parent, at all times. Devoted

to religion with more than 'the cloistered maiden's zeal,' she had not a particle of bigotry in her disposition, and one might have lived with her for years without knowing her sentiments on any particular point in divinity. At her table—for her husband was so deeply engaged in politics and business, that he left all the household cares upon her—might be found, almost every day in the week, a clergyman who met no where else—from a difference in creeds, and persons of distinction in the various callings of life, and from different parts of the country. For more than forty years this hospitality was uninterrupted, and her cares unceasing.

Her person was striking; tall above most women; her mien was majestic without any awkwardness from her height; her features were prominent, but softened by a fine mild expression; and her large blue eye was full of sweetness of temper, while it beamed with genius. Seldom has it been that any woman was so capable of doing good as she, and more seldom have been the opportunities to exercise the capacity. There has scarcely been a single individual who ever knew her, that had not some remembrance of her talents and virtues in his mind, and most of them could relate some acts of kindness towards themselves. She made no parade of attainments; but all her information seemed to flow in conversation, as though it were intuitive, and addressed to those in company, as if she considered every one about her superior to herself, in memory and reasoning powers—in fact, in every attainment and gift. Her charity for all, was that which suffers long, but her discrimination was admirable. She saw at a glance into the elements of character. The writer of this faint sketch of a most excellent woman, recollects numerous prophecies upon the future developments of the talents of children about her, and hardly one of them but has proved true, of those who lived to form a character. When others judged by a lesson, or a few recitations, she formed her opinion from some act or remark of the boy which might have passed unnoticed by others. With all her firmness of soul, she had a heart most feelingly alive to the misfortunes of others. Often 'her pity gave ere charity began;' and she was distressed even at the sufferings of the wicked. Her maxims sunk deep into the minds of those who had the good fortune of hearing them, and her commands were never forgotten. A lad, seeing from her window, a wretched looking man, going to the whipping post to receive corporal punishment for a pretty larceny, sentenced by a justice of the peace to this ignominy, strove to conceal a tear, but this excellent woman observed it. With one starting in her own eye, she emphatically said to him, 'When you become a law-maker, examine the subject of corporal punishment, and see if it is not unnatural, vindictive, and productive of much evil.' In early manhood he became a legislator, and remembering the words which made a strong impression at the time, he called the attention of the assembly to the subject, and in the course of a short time, had the satisfaction of announcing to her, that the statute book had been expurgated, in this respect, and that there was, in future, to be no corporal punishment for any offence less than capital. After her husband's death she was one of the founders of the Theological Seminary at Andover, and took a deep interest in the institution as long as she lived.

Man passes his life in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Serjeant Bond related the following anecdote of himself with great good humor:—‘I once bought a horse from a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find it out if he had any fault. I, therefore, when I paid for him, said to the seller, ‘Now my friend, you have got your money, and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed; but, do, like an honest fellow, tell me of any fault which he has.’ ‘Why sir,’ says he, ‘you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and, as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.’ I pricked up my ears. ‘What is it, my friend?’ ‘Why sir,’ says he, ‘it is that he will not go into the yard of the crown Inn at Uxbridge.’ ‘Pooh, Pooh,’ said I, ‘if that’s all, I am not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to Uxbridge.’ It, however, so happened, that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the Inn-yard of the Crown. ‘I faced about,’ said the serjeant, ‘seated myself firmly in my stirrups,’ at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed. Expecting a plunge from my horse, I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him. But I was not long left in doubt of what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord’s coming up to him, and tapping him on the shoulder, ‘Ha, Jack!’ says he, ‘I’m glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you!’ ‘What do you mean, Mr. Landlord?’ ‘Sir,’ says he, ‘this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.’ ‘I did not much relish this piece of information,’ said the Serjeant, ‘but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft would be discovered; I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord.’—What they were he kept to himself,—*Frazer’s Magazine*.

Upon the death of a worthy baillie of Edinburgh, his relations resolved to erect a monument to his memory. They accordingly applied to a mason, and among other directions, desired that he would represent an angel, bearing the baillie to heaven. The mason set to work, and chiseled out a charming likeness of the deceased worthy on the head of the angel; he carved a wig similar to the baillie’s, (which was the largest wig in the Town Council.) One of his relations, on returning from London, went to inspect the subject of the sculptor. After musing some time over it, he asked the mason who the lower figure was intended for. ‘Oh, that’s the angel lifting our auld friend to heaven.’ ‘The angel?’ said the gentleman, ‘who ever saw an angel wear a wig?’ ‘Did ye ever see one without a wig?’ retorted the artist. This was unanswerable; so the monument was erected, and may be seen on the north side of the church-yard of the Greyfriars, to the wonder of all beholders.

At a party of ‘good society’ in Philadelphia, not long ago, was a young lady from B——. In the

course of the evening, conversation became slack, and a pause for a few moments was unavoidable. A gentleman broke silence by observing ‘Awful pause.’ The poor girl, who thought the observation was meant for her, spoke up, rather pertly, ‘well I guess you would have *awful pairs* too, if you should wash and scrub as much as I do.’

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1833.

The Silent Harp.—This is the very appropriate title of a volume of poems, recently published, from the pen of Miss Elizabeth Allen, of Craftsbury, Vt. Its character as a literary work is said to be highly respectable; but it has other and stronger claims to our notice, than even literary merit; the poems composing the volume, which are of a diversified character, being the unpretending productions of one, who having been deprived of her hearing at the early age of sixteen, and thus shut out from the sweets of social intercourse, has in her pen sought solace and amusement in her many solitary hours; and affording to the liberal, at the same time that they minister to their own gratification, a means of rendering pecuniary assistance to an unfortunate female wholly dependant on her own exertions for support. We hope Miss Allen’s limited means of enjoyment may be increased by the publication of her little work, and her lonely estate cheered by its favorable reception.

The Talisman.—Bennet and Bright, of Utica, have issued the first number of a literary journal, bearing this title, to be conducted by the senior class of Hamilton College. It is devoted to original essays, tales, &c. and promises fair to become both a useful and an interesting publication. It will be printed in octavo form, each number containing thirty-two pages, and nine numbers issued during the year.—Terms \$1, per annum, in advance, or \$1,25, at the end of the year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

‘Senex’ shall appear in our next—Farewell to my Location’ is inadmissible.—V. e do not altogether like ‘The Chief of the Hurons,’ though parts of it might not be objectionable.

Several late communications are not yet examined.

HUDSON FORUM.

The next meeting of the Hudson Forum will be held on Wednesday Evening, the 13th inst. Question for discussion, ‘Should any qualifications be required of voters, beside those now required by the Revised Statutes?’

O. P. BALDWIN, Secretary.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office from Agents and others, ending Feb. 6th. C. I. Johnson, P. M. Champion South Road, N. Y. \$2; N. May, Westminster, Vt. \$1; W. Adam, Canaan, Ct. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Ship Caulking.—It is stated in the French Journals, that an important discovery has been made with regard to the caulking of vessels, namely that by mixing the essence of tobacco, with the pitch and tar, the attack of worms and destructive insects is prevented, and the copping of ship’s bottoms rendered unnecessary.

In the state of New-York, the population is two millions. In that population there has been no conviction for murder, or any other capital offence, the past year.—The militia of New-York amounts to 188,000 men. The scholars amount to 494,969—almost half a million.

The number of white males in Missouri, exceeds that of white females by nearly nine thousand.

We understand that quarries of excellent Soap Stone have been lately found at Worcester and Millbury, Mass.

It is said that Judge Wayne has drawn the great gold mine in the Georgia land and gold lottery.

MARRIED.

At Watervliet, on the 17th inst. Stephen Storm, of Claverack, to Mrs. Sarah Lansing, of the former place.

In the town of Livingston, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wackerjagen, Mr. Jacob N. Stull, to Miss Jane Maria Decker.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday the 3d inst. Miss Jane B. daughter of Seth G. and Sarah Macy, in the 20th year of her age.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE VICTIM OF PESTILENCE.

I saw her—I saw her—in days gone by,
When the spirit of mirth beamed bright in her eye
When the blushing tint of the wild rose, meek,
Scarce rivaled the hue of her childhood's cheek,
With the snowy neck and the golden hair,
That gathered in clustering ringlets there,
And the ringing laugh, so joyfully wild—
I saw her then—a happy child.

I saw her again, in the bloom of youth,
With the soul of love and the heart of truth—
A temper mild as the lingering beam
Of the setting sun, on the placid stream.
No evil passion could ever rest
A tenant long in that gentle breast;
For hatred and envy, noise and strife,
Formed no part of her guileless life.

I saw her then, mid the village throng,
Mid their rural sports of dance and song,
Mid scenes of pure, unsullied joy,
That the world's cold cares could ne'er destroy.
I saw her kneel, with a glowing face,
In humble prayer to the throne of grace,
And said, 'when thy course of life is run,
Soft be thy death-couch, lovely one.'

But I deemed not then, that the fell disease,
Fast speeding on in the tainted breeze,
Was doomed in its fatal course to light
On the lovely, innocent, pure and bright;
But the Spirit of Mercy shrieked in fear,
As the Demon of Pestilence, dark and drear,
With a withering laugh and a poisoned breath,
Strode swiftly on to the work of death.

I saw her again, but the altered look
And ghastly hue, that the features took;
The distorted limbs, that seemed to be
In nature's last writhe of agony;
The pallid brow, now damp and cold,
And the glassy eye, too plainly told,
The spirit, to earth by heaven lent,
Was leaving its earthly tenement.

I saw her no more, for they bore her hence,
To the brow of yon grass grown eminence—
No silent mourner, with measured tread,
Followed the bier of the lowly dead—
No friendly hand bade the solemn bell
Toll forth for her the parting knell;
But hirelings gave, at the close of day,
That once bright form to its kindred clay.

O, what is this life! to which man doth cling
With such fond embrace? 'Tis a joyless thing,
Where we seek for pleasure, but seek in vain,
Till wearied we turn to earth again—
Where the brightest hopes, on the heart that beam,
Vanish away like a morning dream,
And the raging storm, in its day of power,
Sweeps first away the fairest flower.

J. G.

'THE LOST STAR.'

BY L. E. L.

A light is gone from yonder sky,
A star has left its sphere;
The beautiful—and do they die
In yon bright world as here?
Will that star leave a lonely place,
A darkness on the night?
No! few will miss its lovely face,
And none think heaven less bright?
What wert thou star of? vanquished one!
What mystery was thine?
Thy beauty from the east is gone:
What was thy sway and sign?

Wert thou the star of opening youth?
And is it then for thee,
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
So early cease to be?

Of hope?—and was it to express
How soon hope sinks in shade;
Or else of human loveliness,
In sign how it will fade?

How was thy dying like the song,
In music to the last,
An echo flung the winds among,
And then for ever past?

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
The fair moon renders vain?
The rest shone forth the next dark night,
Thou didst not shine again.

Didst thou fade gradual from the time
The first great curse was hurled,
Till lost in sorrow and in crime,
Star of our early world?

Forgotten and departed star!
A thousand glories shine
Round the blue midnight's regal car,
Who then remembers thine?
Save when some mournful bard like me
Dreams over beauty gone,
And in the fate that waited thee,
Reads what will be his own.

BIRTH DAYS.

Why should we count our life by years,
Since years are short and pass away?
Or why by fortune's smiles or tears,
Since tears are vain and smiles decay.

O count by virtues—these shall last,
When life's short, weary race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Who are the old? Not they whose cares
Have white locks o'er their temples spread;
Wisdom alone is man's grey hairs,
And these may crown the youthful head.

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Sou-l, Ven-geance, Ir-on—*Souvenir*.

PUZZLE II.—It is full of wards.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

A word in English you will find,
Seven letters it contains;
From which, if two are taken away,
Exactly eight remains.

II.

My 1st is a vowel, my 2d a refuge for wild beasts,
and my whole a garden of old

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